SCHARFER DISCUSSED BY THE BIL-LIARD PLAYERS OF PARIS.

miter Opinions by the Winard—A Came Between Schnefer and Rudolphe De-teribed by Rudolphe and by Mrs. Schnefer. PARIS, Sept. 10.-After his match with adolphe the other night, during the uproar which followed Schaefer's success I had a little talk with Mrs. Schaefer, who looked as happy

and as pretty as possible.
"Not so bad, was it?" she said, gayly: "3,000 to 1,633. You see, Rudolphe plays a stronger game than we supposed, and it is heavy odds to give him, 1.000 points in 3.000, or, at least," she added, proudly, "it would be for any one except my husband. At one time, I confess, I was a little anxious, for Mr. Schaefer was pleying very badly; in fact, I have never seen nim so 'broken up' as he was the first night. Why. I could have made myself some of the shots that he missed. Of



course, that made Rudolphe think that he had a sure thing of it, and he began amusing himself now and then by to my husband's disgust, for Jake isn't accustomed to be trifled with by sec-ond-rate Frenchthat he was getting

der, and then his bang came tumbling down or his forehead, which is a sure sign, she added, laughing, "that the 'Wizard of the Cue,' is about to spread himself.

"As last my husband could stand it no nger, and, as Budolphe sat down, after failing to make a complicated massé, Jake said, loud enough to be heard by every one: "Well, if he wants to show off, I don't mind giving m a few points at it myself, and then, with one knee on the rail, the irate player raised his one for a massé.
"It seemed a ridiculous thing to do, for Jake

and before him a perfectly simple carrom, and we all wondered what he could be thinking of However, down came the cue with a thud, and we found out the occasion of this strange conduct. The white ball darted forward, touched the red, curved back swiftly to the cushion, advanced from it again for three or four inches, then straight back, and finally shot forward in a graceful curve, forming the last line of the letter W. and scoring on the third ball. Did we applaud? Well, rather; but the best of it was the effect produced on my husband him-self. It was like magic. That one splendid stroke gave him confidence in himself, and he went on playing billiards as no one else can play, making 910 points in twenty-one innings, which gives an average of forty-three and onethe highest ever made by him in a

match game.
"Do I get excited following these great matches? Indeed I do, only I have seen so many of them that I have learned to conceal my feelings. Play billiards myself? Yes, a little. I can make ten or twelve points very easily in a three-ball game, but I never try the

difficult shots like the massé."

Leaving Mrs. Schaefor, I found the vanquished Budolphe in the interesting occupation of paying over sundry 100-frane notes to persons who had been lucky enough to risk their money against him. He did not look at all cheerful and when I inquired how he acnted for his defeat, he exclaimed savagely:

all cheerful and when I inquired how he accounted for his defeat, he exclaimed savagely: "What's the use of my trying to play against a man like Schaefer? Did you see those runs he made? Tick, tack, tick, tack; that's the way he plays, just like a machine. I was making hard shots all the time, while he made only easy ones! Mon Dieu, what a man he is!" and the "Professor" shrugged his shoulders.
"Do I think he can beat vignaux? Of course he can. He can beat any one. That is the way with you Americans; you don't care a straw for science or glory, but you are bound to make points, for points mean deliars. Vignaux has more precision in the difficult shots, and he plays a steadier game, but he cannot begin to nurse the balls and run up a great score as Schaefer can. In France we love the game for itself, but in America the billiard players devote their energies to this 'tick-tack' playing." I am spoiled for long runs by the fact that all my work has been in quite a different direction. For many years I have made a specialty of billiard tricks, in which I use sometimes one cue, sometimes two, and I perform a series of remarkable feats with the aid of my fingers only. I have given exhibitions all over the world, and I claim to be unequalied by any one. During the eight months which I spent in China, my performance was witnessed by the Emperor and all the high mandarins, who were concealed behind a screne, it being contary to the custom for them to expose themselves to the gaze of ordinary mortals. Then I have played before the Mikado of Japan and

selvis to the gaze of ordinary mortals. Then I have blayed before the Mikade of Japan and the Shah of Persia. before Indian Princes and Russian noblemen, and often at President Gresy's here in Paris."

On the evening in question I had been seated near Piot, the celebrated left-hand player, who ranks next to Vignaux among the Fronch experts, and I asked him what he thought of Schaefer's chances in the match with Vignaux, which will come off in October.

"Why," replied Piot, "I think that Schaefer will be beaten to death. His game is very brilliant and daring, very protty to look at, and all that, but he is too irregular. He misses shots which agreat player has no right to miss, and his score shows too many zerus, twos, and thress. He makes strokes which Vignaux would now miss. In short, if in the match, he plays during one single even ing, as I have seen him play here, he with be irredeemably lost. You may nere them the without the match, he plays during one single even ing, as I have seen him play here, he with the sare moments when one can exception. He is livestee, but a laways cool: in a word, always vignaux. Then Vignaux has this advantage over his rival: He is in perfect practice, for, since buying his billiard café four or five months ago. Vignaux has been colliged to play three hours a day or more to draw crowds to his establishment, and the result is that he is stronger at this moment than ever before."

In the course of the recent matches I had two or three interesting conversations with M. May, a well-known French billiard authority, and the editor of a paper called Le Billiard, as a part of M. May's life has been passed in New York, his opinions have special weight.

"It consider," said he, "that, although the two champions are very equally matched, the chances are in Schaefer's favor II he will is ettle down to work during the time which remains. Fortunatism, which may interfere with his game, As to the other French players, rid and Damashs come second, but R there as in America, and the public tabl

you great players continue to improve?" I asked. "Schnefer replied, "in the old shots I

keep up with these rapid changes. In fact there are no young players now in the United States. Wallace, who was my not he built states wallace, who was my not he was my not he was my not he was an experient where the wallace where the head a perfect stroke and atmarvelious genius, but he has been sick for three years, and so has failen out of the race. Schoefer probably knows nothing of the mathematics of billiards; but M. Leuiller does. "I am, perhaps, the only expert in this cit; and M. Leuiller, who are players make their shots by futilition. They have been born with the genius of billiards, which is the surest way of handling with distinction the cue; but it is possible to become a first-class player—not a phenomenon, of course—by kimply applying scientific principles. I have learned with the work of heading with distinction the cue; but it is possible to become a first-class player—not a phenomenon, of course—by kimply applying scientific principles. I have learned with the work of heading with distinction the cue; but it is possible to become a first-class player—not a phenomenon, of course—by kimply applying scientific principles. I have learned with the work of heading with the work of heading with the work of heading with the heading scientific principles. I have learned the will describe a perfectly straight line that will the mannique du liliard." The great difficulty in carrying out these theoretical ideas is that the human arm is an imperfect machine. You can be a strong the will describe a perfectly straight the human arm is an imperfect machine. You can be a strong the will describe a perfect will be a proper that the work of the w

WILMINGTON, Del., Sept. 17 .- "There never was a worse condition of affairs among the farmers of the peninsula than exists to-day," said a Delaware farmer yesterday. "It is dis-heartening. Nearly everything has failed, either from the weather or the many voracious bugs and worms that have swarmed all summer. Then what there was brought back no return, on account of the Norfolk produce cutting in shead. Why, if all the property in the peninsula which is mortgaged was put under the hammer it would not bring half enough to pay the mortgages.

The proper has decorate received by the production of the producti

HOW TO GO TO PATERSON.

A CHEAP AND PLEASANT JOURNEY FOR

The Road from Fort Lee-What flome of the Maps Amount To-People Met-A Mis-taken Farmer-Conveniences for Walkers. In an answer to one of the "Questions by SUN Readers" printed on Aug. 28. I notice the information for "Met. 8. Club" that the best route for a walk from New York to Paterson is by way of Fort Lee ferry, and so down the Le-onia road and by the way of Hackensack. I have been over that road on foot for pleasure, and would like to emphasize this answer by telling something about the road. I have been over part of the road twice, my first trip extending only to the Susquehanna, Railroad station in Hackensack. Leaving my home in West 100th street late one Indian summer morning of last October. I took a Boulevard car to the Fort Lee ferry, and had the good fortune to eatch the stuffy little ferryboat just ready to start on one of its hourly trips. It is a pleasant ride across to Fort Lee, and if the tourist will set out on the bow of the boat, where the breeze will fan him, he will find himself cool and comfortable, and ready for the climb to the top of the Palisades when he arrives. Fort Lee would be a charming place if it were not a low-priced summer resort; but if one does not ow-priced summer resort; but it the decision mind the too frequent beer and sandwich signs it is not at all disagreeable. A half dozen noisy back drivers infested the landing as I left the boat. It is more comfortable to pay them fifteen cents for a ride to the top of the hill, but the tourist who wishes to walk to to ride. I had once or twice visited Fort Lee on business, and had learned of a short cut to the top of the hill. The tourist should turn to the left while travelling to the north on the usual road, when he is about opposite the big pavilion at the Canal street steamer landing. I was told that the narrow little street there led up to the bluff, and although it didn't, so row zigzag road terminating in the back yard of one of "the only French" hotels in Fort Lee. It is a public thoroughfare, however, and al-though very steep, it is a much more cheerful and less tiresome route to the top than the long one that runs around by the dry brook bed and the old stone breaker. Walking around the French hotel, I found myself in a seldom-used street, with a pleasant oak grove on the further side. The houses and yards about there are interesting, if not attractive, particularly to the tourist who is fond of ornihology. I found a variety and an extent to the flocks of domestic fowls thereabouts, and particularly on a pond on one side of the street

thology. I found a variety and an extent to the flocks of domestic fowls thereabouts, and particularly on a pond on one side of the street that was worth looking at.

It is a short walk out to the main east-and-west road to Hackensack. This road is easily distinguished from the cross streets by the fact that it is travelled occasionally. I turned down this to the west. On a map that I had provided for the occasion I saw that a village called Taylorsville was located about a mile west of Fort Lee. I searched diligently for Taylorsville but was unable to learn where Fort Lee left and Taylorsville began. They are one place, but by and by, about a mile from the bluff, the tourist comes to a place where the road pitches down toward the valley of the Hackensack, and I knew I was beyond Taylorsville because I could see no more beer saloons. Twenty rods beyond, where the last beer saloon drops out of sight, and on the left of the road down the hill is a thick chestnut grove, with here and there a grassy bank under overhanging boughs that is sure to tempt the tourist to sit down a minute. If he does this he will have an interesting view across meadows and market-truck fields to a lot of factory chimneys up toward Englewood, and away off beyond them, perhaps twenty or twenty-five miles, some very blue hills that are so hasy and amoky that the tourist grows alsoyn in looking at them.

The road itself is macadamized and easy to walk on, particularly after a rain. From the foot of the hill it stretches away between two rows of big maples, as I recollect, and is cool and shady even on a warm day. There are few houses for a mile or more, and then one finds himself between two rows of comfortable cottages, while on the left a little further on is a big mansion, with spacious grounds around it. The tourist is here unpleasantly reminded of his closeness to a big city by the signa. "Private Grounds." "No Trespassing Under Penalty of the Law, and Beware of the Doga." Then the road takes another pitch down, and a cross road, with a

bottle when I bold him I was a sentisman tramp out for pleasure and health, and that tramp out for pleasure and health, and that the property of the provided interestingly about shocking English snipe on a bit of wet ground off to the north, "when the flight was on," which happened spring and fall for a week and more, according to luck. We talked for three-quarters of an hour, and then I resumed my journey. The provided health was a very besutiful stream. The gentleman who lived on the bank where the road crosses the stream kent the bank clean and the grass trimmed. There were nest rowhoats a blonty, and one very pretty girl handling a pair one of streams. The gentleman who lived on the bank where the road crosses the stream kent the bank clean and the grass trimmed. There were nest rowhoats a blonty, and one very pretty girl handling a pair one of streams. The map called this place a village, but I could only see three houses. Beyond the live was a stretch of woods that seemed alive with birds, robins in particular, while a white-tailed rability and the same and the

A VERY BAD MINISTER.

Record of the Roy. Mr. Nelli, who has Gone

CHICAGO, Sept. 17 .- The Rev. R. Moffatt Neill, the Baptist minister whose hasty departure from St. Charles, Ill., with the wife of W. C. Hunt, a prominent attorney of that city, and whose other rather unministerial acts shock the very foundations of society of

THE MISTAKES OF THE WAR.

BOTH UNIONIST AND CONFEDERATE. en. Longstreet flays the Worst Mistakes were Lee's at Gettysburg, Mondo's at Gettysburg, and Bragg's at Chickennuga.

Sitting where the breezes blew right from the Blue Ridge summits across the wide veran-das of his summer hotel. Gen. Longstreet talked freely. His seminiscences turned upon the mistakes of the war—the military blunders. This remark was offered interrogatively: "Gen. Grant is said to have stated to in-

This remark was offered interrogatively:

"Gen. Grant is said to have stated to intimate friends upon one occasion that of all the mistakes made by the Union side the greatest was at Gettysburg?"

"It was," came the response without a moment's heattation; there isn't any doubt of it."

"You mean the mistake was in not following up the victory?"

"The day after the fighting ceased?"

"No. On the third day of battle. Meade shouldn't have waited until the next day. He shouldn't have waited until the next day. He shouldn't have waited ten seconds. Plokett's division had been knocked all to picces—almost wiped out. The same was the case with A. P. Hill's corps, or at least two divisions of it. There were three divisions gone. They left a break in our line of over a mile. Meade shouldn't have waited at all, but should have thrown his army right in between us."

"That would have ended the whole thing?"

"Probably. Of course we would have tried to get together and would have fought the best we were able. But that was what Meade should have done. Everybody in both armies knew the day before where the attack and the hard fighting was to be. Meade knew and prepared for it, as he says. The plan of the battle was known to everybody the day before it was known to everybody the day before it was fought. Grant was right, I think. The greatest mistake of the war on that side was in Meade not making the move I have indicated the third day of the fighting."

"Your troops covered the rear on the retreat from Gettysburg. General?"

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"You troops covered the rear on the retreat from Gettysburg. General?"

"Ies."

"Ies."

"Ies it true that your ammunition was reduced to three rounds, and that vigorous pursuit would have destroyed the army before it got to the Potomac?"

"We had more ammunition than that. We had considerable ammunition. My idea is that when Meade failed to throw his army in between our forces when Pickett's division was crushed, the great opportunity was lost."

"What do you put down as the greatest military mistake made by the Confederate side?"

was asked.

was asked. "The Maryland campaign," the General replied quite bromptly.

"Why?"

"It was a mistake for several reasons," was the answer. "I couldn't enumerate them briefly. I should have to go into an extended statment."

"It was a mistake for several reasons," was the answer. "I couldn't enumerate them briefy. I should have to go into an extended statment."

"You will elaborate your view that that campaigm was a hunder in your book?"

"Yes. I shall try to make that plain,"

"What should you say was the hardest fighting you saw during the war?"

"At the battle of Gettyaburg we did what I consider the hardest fighting on the Confederate side. On the other side the hardest fighting I remember to have seen done by the Federals was at Fredericksburgh. There was nothing in my experience which I consider equalled the fighting on those two occasions."

"Did you ever institute any comparison in your own mind between Grant and Lee as to which was the greatest soldier?"

The General heattated a little, and then replied carefully: "Bomebody—I don't recollect now who it was—wrote to me once asking which was the greatest soldier. I wrote back, putting my view somewhat in the style of a problem. I believe I said Grant probably had the most moral courage. In tacties the two men were about equal. Lee probably excelled in strategy. As moral courage, is to tactics so is strategy to the answer. You will have to solve that for yourself. The person wrote back that he couldn't work it out."

"Most people, 'the General continued after a brief pause." wouldn't have much trouble. Moral courage outranks strategy."

Longstreet's advantages for judging of the two men were extraordinary. He stood very close to Lee during the war, and he was the intimate friend of Grant from the days at west Point through the Maxican war. The mother of Longstreet was as Bent. After graduating from the military academy Longstreet was assigned to a command, and was stationed at Jefferson Barracks, below St. Louis While there he visited his relatives, the Dents, on the Gravols road, and when Grant was assigned to the same regiment with Longstreet, the latter accompanied him on his first visit to the Dent place, and probably introduced, the little man with the big epaulettes," a "But the Confederates had won at Chicka-

maugua as we might have done. Mr. Davis talk. I became provoked myself and spoke plainly. I think I said that if he was going to allow himself to forget his official position to give vent to his feelings. I would take the same privilege. Mr. Davis stood up for Bragg. and I held that Bragg had been a marpiot rather than a General. I think I said to him something like this: Mr. Davis, what God Almighty failed in you have tried to do—make a General, or, rather, a field marshal, of Bragg.""

I had gone from Virginia to the West with my troops," continued Gen. Longstreet. "after talking the matter over with Gen. Lee, and I went with the understanding that if we gained the advantage we were to follow it up at once, and vigorously. Only on the promise of such a campaign had I donsented to go, and we had deliberately throw away our opportunity. Mr. Davis wouldn't look at it in that way, and we shook hands when we parted in the evening, but the coldness between us dated from then."

"General, Mr. Grady of the Constitution says the most affecting isoident at the ovation to Mr. Davis in Atalanta last year was your appearace there in your old uniform."

Gen. Longstreet smilled as he replied: "They invited me to be one of the marshals of the procession. I don't suppose they thought I would accept. I didn't think I would myself, but just before the time came I made up my mind to go. I got out my old gray uniform—the Lieutenant-General's uniform—and put it on. Then I plinned on the breast a lot of Confederate badges which had been given me at various times at ryunions and such gatherings. I got on my horse and rode to the place, but they had started, and I didn't see Mr. Davis. I took my place in the line and went along with the procession. When we reached the platform where the speaking was to be there was great crowd, several thousand people, and it was impossible for the portion of the column i was with to get very near. I sat there on my horse and rode to the place, but they had started and lidn't see Mr. Davis. I took my

and, turning toward me, sald something to the effect that, though I differed from them in politics, the old robel yell made me a Confederate once more.

"But the papers down here said nothing about that," the General wens on, after a little pause, in which the smile faded away. "They never say anything kind or favorable about me. If they can misrepresent things and make them appear to my discredit they do so."

At Gettysburg, on the evening of the first day's fighting, when the Confederates occupied Seminary Ridge and the Federals concentrated upon Cemetery Hill, Lee and Longstreet were upon the ridge, and after studying the situation, Longstreet said to Lee:

"If we could have chosen a point to meet our plans of operation I do not think we could have found a better one than that upon which they are now concentrating. All we have to do is to throw our army around by their left and we shall interpose between the Federal army and washington. We can got strong position and washington. We can got strong position and washington. We can got strong position and wast, and if they fail to attack us we shall have everything in condition to move back tomorrow night in the direction of Washington, selecting beforehand a good position into which we can place our troops to receive battle next day. Finding our object is Washington or that army, the Federals will be sure to attack us. When they attack we shall beat them, as we proposed to do before we left Fredericksburg, and the probabilities are that the fruits of our success will be great."

Longstreet says: "I suggested that such a move as I proposed would give us control of the roads leading to Washington and Baltimore, and remisled Gen. Lee: "the enemy is there and I am going to attack him there."

Longstreet says: "I suggested that such a move as I proposed would give us control of the roads leading to washington and Baltimore, and remisled Gen. Lee in position, and I am going to whip them or they are going to whip these or they are going to whip these or they are going

new the subject the next morning."

He did renew the subject on the morning of the 2d, but Lee would not consider the proposition to move to Meade's left and rear. On the morning of the 3d Lee came to him and told him to renew the attack on Cemetery Hill, Once more, the third time, Longstreet urged the movement to Meade's left. He says: 'I stated to Gen. Lee that I had been examining the ground over to the right, and was much inclined to think the best thing was to move to the Federal left.

"No.' he said, 'I am going to take them

inclined to think the best thing was to move to the Federal left.

"No. he said, 'I am going to take them where they are, on Cemetery, Hill. I want you to take Pickett's division and make the attack. I will resultore you by two divisions of the Third Corpa."

"That will give me 15,000 men, 'I replied, 'I have been a seldler, I may say, from the ranks up to the position I now hold. I have been in pretty much all kinds of skirmishes, from those of two or three soldlers up to those of an army corps, and I think I can safely say there never was a body of 15,000 men who could make that attack successfully.

"The General seemed a little impatient at my remarks, so I said nothing more. As he showed no indication of changing his plan. I went to work at once to arrange my troops for the attack."

The result was as already told. Pickett was crushed, and the Confederate army was only saved by Mesde's mistake.

Its Annual Effects on a Boy who was Bitton From the Philadelphia Herald.

On Aug. 29, 1883, a5-year-old son of George Putnam, who lives at Stony Ford, Pa., was returning home from driving the cows to pasture, and stopped by the roadsids to pick some berries. He was barefooted, and suddenly felt a sharp sting on the instep of his left foot. He ran crying home, and told his mother that he had scratched his foot on a brier. The foot had begun to swell, and his mother picked from the fiesh what she at first supposed to be a brier, but, as the foot continued to swell and the boy's sufferings were intense, the alarming fact was apparent that he had been bitten by some poisonous snake, and that the supposed brier was one of its fangs that had buried itself in the wound and been pulled from the snake's jaw.

brier was one of its fangs that had buried itself in the wound and been pulled from the anake's jaw.

Mrs. Putnam called her husband, who was at work near the touse, and alarmed other members of the family. A live chicken was cut in two and the warm flesh applied to the wound. Whiskey was given to the boy in large quantities, and a messenger was despatched for a doctor. A member of the family went to the spot where the boy said he had felt the sharp sting, and found a rattlesnake colled near the roadside. The snake was killed, and one of its fangs was found to be missing, which left no doubt of the nature of the boy's injury. The snake was cut open and laid on the wound in the boy's foot, which had swollen to more than double its natural size. The sufferings of the boy were so great that he could scarcely be held down in the bed by two men. The Doctor arrived and cauterized the wound, but said it was too late, and that the boy would die.

The swelling had extended up the leg to his waist, and the leg became spotted. Antidotes prescribed by the doctor were administored, but the whiskey treatment was also adhered to. The boy's body turned black, but after three days of the most terrible agony the swelling began to go down, and in a week the victim was able to get about. In a month's time all the effects of the polson seemed to have disappeared, and the boy was as well as ever.

On the 29th of August, 1884, he was soized

have disappeared, and the boy was as well as ever.

On the 29th of August, 1884, he was seized with a sharp pain in his foot, which began to swell, and in a short time his leg and foot wore swell and in a short time his leg and foot wore swellen to double their size, and became spotted, as they had on the day the boy was bitten by the snake. He experienced the same symptoms, and suffered for three days almost as much agony as he had the year before. When the swelling again went down the pain subsided and the symptoms disappeared. Regularly on the 29th of August every year since the same symptoms have spoared, on the authority of a well-known citizen of Tioga county, and their recurrence this year was marked by more than usual pain and swelling, the spots on the leg and body strikingly resembling that of a rattle-snake. The sufferings of the boy were so intense that he was not expected to pass through them with his life, but at last accounts he was allowly recovering.

them with his life, but at last accounts he was alowly recovering.

It is said that there are three similar cases on record—one of a girl who was bitten by a rattlesnake in Livingston county. New York, thirty years ago, and who for twenty-five years, on the anniversary of the day on which she was bitten, was subject to the same symptoms as attended the original poisoning. She died in great agony on the twenty-fifth recurrence of the terrible symptoms. COLD WEATHER IN NORTHERN NEW

Instances When the Mercury has Dropped To the Editor of the Sun—Sir: Will you kindly answer the following question, and settle a dispute between two of our most prominent citizens? I have the thermometer reached 40° below zero in St. Lawrence county in the last forty years.

Woodstock, ill., Sept. 7.

THE SUN takes pleasure in imparting the de-

and whose other rather unministerial acts shook the very foundations of society of quiet St. Charles, is well known here. He came to Chicago from Vermont in the fall of 1885, bringing several letters of recommendation from prominent Baptist Church people of the East. He presented his letters to the deacons of the North Ashland Avenue Baptist Church and was employed. His success was more than 8 months when it began to be whispered around that the pastor was not conducting himself in a manner strictly proper for a churchman. It was hinted that Mrs. Neill and churchman. It was hinted that Mrs. Neill and churchman. It was hinted that Mrs. Neill and churchman and whose other rather unministerial acts "But the Confederates had won at Chickamaga ?"

The Sun takes pleasure in imparting the unit of pushing on north-order agreed and below 40° below zero in St. Lawronce county within the period mentioned. Last winter was one of the coldest in northern New York in a long term of years, and during the month of January in several of the counties the mercury fell below 40° below. At Lowville, the management on our side had been bad enough the mercury fell below 40° below 20° below 40° below 20° below 40° below 4

Wrote:

Having kept a weather record, we find that Canton and Norwood seem to be on a line where the coldest of the cold wave has settled this month. We have seen no other piace reported where the thermometer indicated as cold as here. We will give you the record thus far, which was taken five minutes before sunrise each morning: Jan. 1st. 16° below; 2d. 20° below; 3d. 30° below; 4th. 4° below; 5th. 18° above; 0th. 18° above; 7th. 18° above; 18th. 28° below; 10th. 4° below; 11th. 4° below; 10th. 4° below; 18th. 20° below; 18th.

The winter of 1886-87 was an exceptional one. The amount of snowfall and rainfall, converting the rain into snow, was equal to about 15 feet. This cold winter has been followed by the hottest summer in the recollection of the oldest settler, and there has been a total absence of frost from the last week in April to date. The 40°-below snaps come soldom. There have been about three of them in the last forty years. There have been years in this period when the mercury did not go below zero, and in 1876-75 the winter was so mild that there was but one day's sleighing.

A LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR her Lover on the High Seas.

From the San Prancisco Chronicle.

On the night of Aug. 2 a policeman arrested a sailor on Broadway wearing the uniform of the United States navy with the name of the Hartford on his cap, for being drunk. The prisoner gave the name of Fevor Costello. As Costello was suffering from the effects of a long spree, he was sent to the receiving hospital for treatment. When Hospital Steward John Wells proceeded to strap Costello to the bed he was struck by the remarkably small hands and feet of the suffers. He could not find a strap small enough to hold either, and concluded to keep a close watch by the bedside so that Corling would not a strap small enough to hold either, and concluded to keep a close watch by the bedside so that Corling would not a carything violent.

Or Buckley than left and Wells remarks dimmister medicine to the patient, and Wells remarks a families: "What a frail little fellow this is to follow the sea."

Dr. Buckley than left and Wells began to remore Costello's clothes, to make him more comfortable. He noticed the delicate mould of the arm and examined with interest the pictures of animals, representing an entire menagerie, which werk satioode all over the body. During the further process of disrobing Wells made another discovery, which caused him to utter an exclamation of astonishment so load that it quickly brought Dr. Buckley to hit side.

"That's not a sailor," said the excited Wella, pointing to Costello. Trobably she became drunk somewhere and they dressed her up in this suit."

"A woman."

"A woman."

"Br. Buckley said last night: "When she was brought in at first I thought she was rather undersized for a sailor. Probably she became drunk somewhere and they dressed her up in this suit."

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shaving herself, for there was a faint growth of hair on her upper lip and at least a day's growth of beard on her face. I paid no further attention to the case. because the girl was a prisoner, and I have not heard of her since."

When Wells was spoken to in regard to the matter he saked: "How did you hear of it? The girl told me her whole story and I promised I wouldn't let it get into the papers. That's why nothing has been said about it until papers. That's why nothing has been said about it until make you found it out, however, "It tell you." The sake has a kanska, but spoke English quite well. She was not was a kanska, but spoke English quite well. She was not was a kanska, but spoke English quite well. She was not was a kanska, but spoke English guite had some maned William Tureer, whole said that she had a lover named William Tureer, whole said that she had a lover mamed William Tureer, who was the same the same the same to be near him all the time and a man and the paper was discharged and committed a robbory, for which he was sent to San Quentin for two years on July 23 by Judge Murphy.

"She had been used to drinking her grog regularly on shipboard, and when her lover was sentenced she went nor an apprex, which finally wound up here. The next morning after her arrest she sent for a friend, who balied her out. She left forfeited her ball, and I haven't heard of her since."

William Turner, according to the records of Judge Murphy's court, was sent to San Quentin for two years on July 23, assated by the girl to Wells.

Lightning Frenks.

Mrs. Oscar Brown of Fergus Palls. Minn.. had only just taken her infant from its crib when lightning struck the house and tore the crib into fragments. house and tore the crib into fragments.

When lightning struck Raxter Vaughan of Strother.

Mo. it out a hole like a builet hole in his hat, ran around the rim, then down his back clear to bis heels, tearing off in its entire course a narrow strip of skin, and yet Mr. Vaughan lives to tell his queer experience.

More than 100 children sat during a thunder storm in a room of Green's Academy, at Albany, Ua. The stiding doors leading to another room were open. Suddenly as immense ball of fire appeared in the neighboring room, tore the window sashes from their frames, and threw the weights and splinters all about, yet not a child was injured. PEOPLE IN SHOW WINDOWS

SOME OF THE LIVING ADVERTISE.
MENTS THAT DRAW TRADE.

he Grand Street Dry Goods Raco-The Violet Girl and Other Girls-Taffy Pullers and Griddle Gressers-What People Say, Grand street, which always leads the way in the sensational in trade, has recently ap-plied an interesting test to human nature in the rivalry of two adjoining variety stores. It began when one proprietor got a wax figure and dressed it in samples of all the finest and most fashionable goods in his store. A daintily gioved hand, pulling the skirts around to clear a supposititions muddy crossing, justirevealed two shapely limbs and two specimens of the very latest thing in silk hosiery. The crowd saw and came and were conquered, to the everlasting profit of the storekeeper, until the man next door went the wax figure several better next door went the wax figure several better with a real girl, a daisy of 17, modelled by the latest style of corsets and other fixings to the fashionable figure of the present day, and otherwise attired in samples of everything that was choicest in his stock. She not only lived but moved, and as she moved she also crossed an imaginary muddy flagging, and displayed ankles shrouded in the bewitching gloom of dainty third the state of embroids. skirts and two different varieties of embroid-ered silk stockings. The effect was instantaneous. The wax figure was left, and every-body, women as well as men, clustered about the window where the real flesh and blood walked, until it took a policeman to keep a passageway through the crowd. And yet the calm and unprejudiced judgment of a man who knows all about such things was that the wax figure was much the shaplier of the two, even when judged by the standard of female loveliness at present affected, an evidence that in one thing at least the popular eye cannot be caught by tinsel when there is anything more substantial at hand. These are some of the things people said as

A Woman—Ain't it awful! A Man—By Jove, Jack, catch on to that!

A Boy-Jee whis! A Girl-I wouldn't do it formything!

I don't believe it's real. That color ain't her own, you can see. Anybody'd look nice with all them things on. I don't think they ought to allow it.

The Grand street girl is only one of the living signs of New York shop windows, though there would be little risk of the comparison being considered invidious if she were adjudged the most profitable one for her employer. There is an Indian who stands in front of a Broadway is an Indian who stands in front of a Broadway eigar store attracting trade with a perpetual grin that mocks the wooden efforts of his carved rivals all up and down the thoroughfare. A Park row "beanery" has its griddle in its front window and a man in a white spron turning out endless orders of "Off the griddle—One!" A regular show of the city is the Fourteenth street window, where seven sisters stand with their backs to the front, perpetually combing their long hair, and occasionally easting over their shoulders such looks of melancholy devotion as might become the seven good maidens doomed by an evil spirit in the fairy tale to stand forever along the highway, brushing out their long tresses. The gallant prince, Dollars and Cents, must be well on the way to these maidens by this time, and some day the spell, it is to be hoped, will be broken, and the gloomy and depressing spectacle be spared to passers by. Not but that the passers by seem to like it, for there is always a crowd in front of that window. It was on account of this crowd that the sisters got the only vacation they have had since they opened shop on Fourteenth street. The proprietor of the china shop beneath their elevated window found that the public's raised eyes no longer saw his crockery jugs and Japanese vassa from Japan and Trenton set out in front, and he got from the court an injunction forbidding the sisters any longer to comb their hair in public. The injunction was dissolved, however, after the Court had listened to several lawyers. People passing the seven sisters say:

My, but they must be awful tired!

Po you suppose they really are sisters? eigar store attracting trade with a perpetus

My, but they must be awful tired!
Do you suppose they really are sisters?
Isn't the middle one pretty?
Mn. will my hair be like that when I grow up?
That's not real lace on her dreas.
She must use some kind of a curling iron.
Bay, ma, is that a dime museum?

Say, ma, is that a dime museum?

A more pleasing spectacle was the little child who came to be known as "The Violet Girl," who sat in the window of a drug store where an especial brand of violet perfume was being introduced. She was only 5 or 6 years old, dressed all in pale violet silk, with many flounces and furbelows. She was such as weet and dainty little madden that the crowds grew too large, and the protests of the police caused the retirement of the girlish advertisement.

As they watched her the crowd said;

An't she just lovely?
I don't care: I'd never let a child of mine do it!
I wonder if her name really is Violet?
Ma. mayn't I be a little girl in a drug-store window?
Oh, isn't she cute?
I wonder if they pay her much?

Another drug store on Fourteenth street that dealt in noveities used to have a man in the window standing at an easel and drawing an endless succession of quee, dosigns with a little brass arrangement that could be made a pattern for anything, from circles to Chinose laundry checks, and was for sale inside.

Holidays and other similar occasions always produce a crop of these living signs. One large store had a live Santa Claus climbing down a chimney in its show window every fifteen minutes all day at Christmas time. It was a good advertisement until a rival house put its Santa Claus into a sleigh behind a wooden reindeer, and had him trotted by mechanical arrangements across a panorama of winter every five minutes. Children gazing into the window said:

Papa, can't I have a Santa Claus for Christmas?
What makes the reindeer go?
It isn't a real live man, is it, mamma?
Where does he go when he goes down the chimner?
Does he have a new basketful of things every time,
pa.?

Pape can't have a Santa Claus for Christmas!
What a real live man, is it mamma?
It isn't a real live man, is it mamma?
Does he have a new basketful of things every time, pa?
Sursey, does they set those a run away?
Sursey, does they set those and a set things every time, pa?
Sursey, does they set those and a set things every time, pa?
Sursey, does they set those and a set things every time, pa?
Sursey, does they set those and the set and a case, ma, tell him to come to our house.

An Easter device that kept the sidewalk in front of a confectionery store crowded all day was a huge egg, filling the whole window, with the sign. Wait and see what comes out." At frequent intervals the egg would break, and a colored lad with a preturnatural grin would stick his head out and take in the crowd.

One business does its principal advertising by living signs in its show windows, and oddly enough that is the laundry business. The faris washerwomen have their stands along the river, and make a somewhat liberal display of the representative washerwomen, or laundry from any investigation of the work. They sit bolind marge, and they don't wash. They sit bolind marge, and they don't went they do. Work, howomen ation for the work they do. Work, howomen ation for the work they do. Work, howomen ation for the work they do. Work, howomen at one of their existence. If they rain indication much time we pretty quick hear from it. Surpice her with a constant wonder whether her compexion isn't all running in streaks or the perspiration isn't willing all the style out of her collar.

"You haven't any idea how I'd like to make one of the work of the work of the will be surpiced in the style out of her collar."

"You haven't any idea how I'd like to make one of the work of the will be a surpiced when my mother will be solved on the collar. Well, you don't keep smilling all the time we pretty quick hear from it.